



AUBADE

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MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

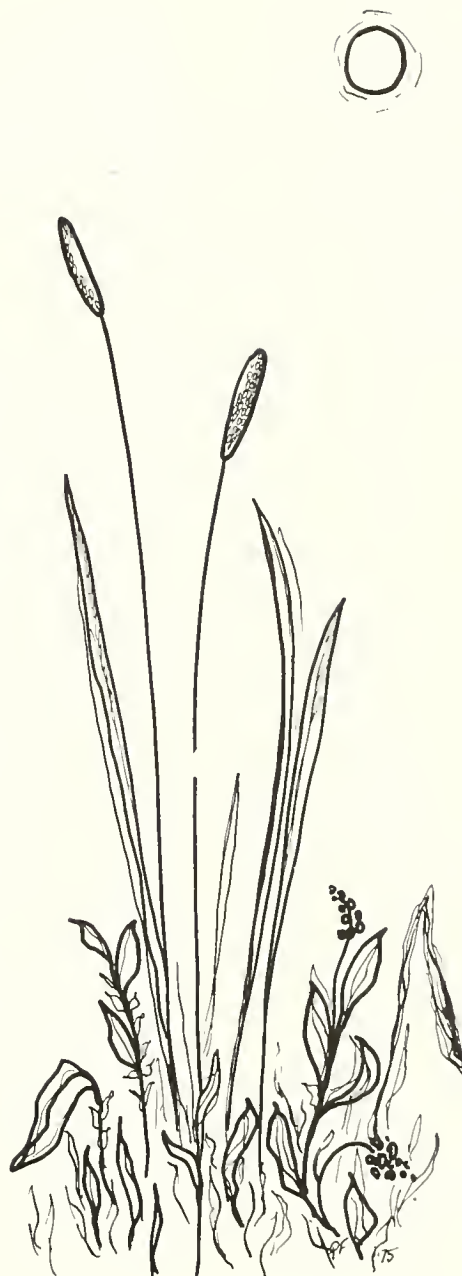
1975 - 1976

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arose
this
broad-based morning
to find
crinkles on
the edge
of a bird's song.
the dimensions
engulfed me
from the second
underworld
to find
my
mind amidst
shades
of cool
green . . .
rolling
like sweet
jazz
past my
window . . .
my senses
needed to walk . . .
i let them





Kristin Hill

To be locked in
the corners
of
a
preoccupied, myopic
mind
not caring about today
narrowly speculating tomorrow is
where life will begin
is a fallacy.

For tomorrow is a
kaleidoscope vision
fuzzy, undefined colors
which
inevitably blend into
desires of increasing
self-pity
blocking out the
reality of today
into an apathetic
spirit
and defeating purpose.



Kid Stuff

look at the matches
stuck on the ceiling.
my corroded walls
have started peeling.
why not inform
my cheapskate landlord
to build apartments
with bricks and not board.
mommy mommy
can i come in and play?
no, son,
let the rain wash you away.
come my son
it's time for school
stop your actions
in that piddle pool.
round peg
square block
a stupid mouse
ran up a clock.
five and one
is six
very good
pick up sticks.
columbus sailed the ocean blue
in eighteen forty-two.
reject reject reject

go ahead
skip a few
protestant, christian
catholic, jew
tell me girl
what are you?
does it matter
in our world today
what we are
and for whom we pray?
study
but i want to drive
study
no kids or a wife
study
have a party now and then
study
get off my back, who knows when.

WORK

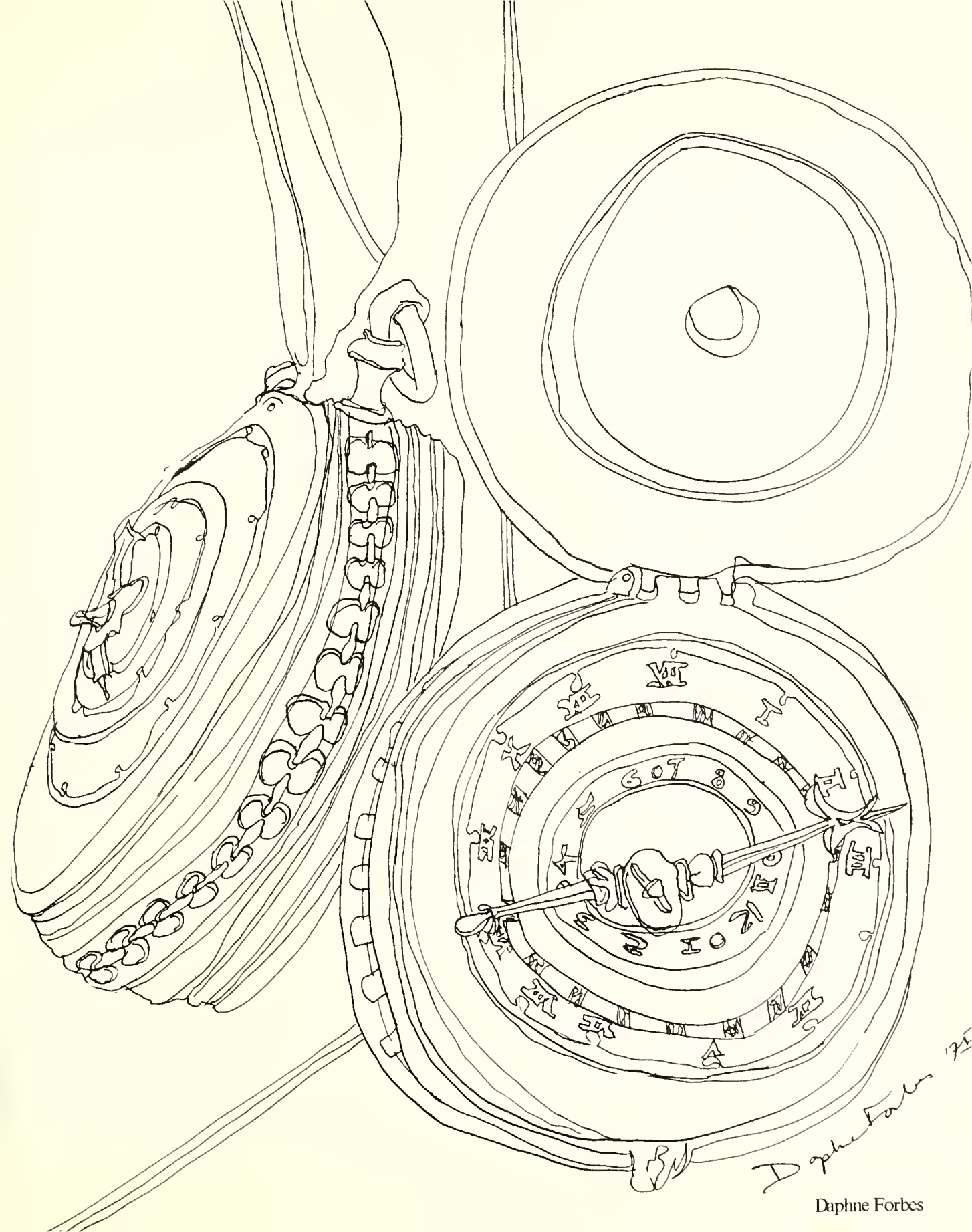
i don't have time

WORK

but i'm number nine

WORK

i've tried, don't you think?
You'll be on your own bleep
You'll be on your own bleep
You'll be on your own bleep
study, learn, work, build, create,
You're on your own.
is it the end so soon?
sorry i let you down.
don't we all?



Daphne Forbes 1975

ashes.
ashes.
we are nought
but clay and dust,
formed to be unformed.
from infancy,
to infinity,
we dream our lives
away,
painting stars
on metal monsters
that only turn to rust,
as the Puppet Master
laughs
at mankind's
tangled strings.





Kristin Hill



It seems I've dropped anchor too long.
I keep sighting smooth white-caps
Shrugging shoulders on a distant beach.
You've held me here
like a buoy
bobbing secure in your reach
sure that no reef or shoal
would rend my sails.
I can't stand the calm anymore.
Can't sink it all in this channel,
can't stay near the shore.
I long for the oyster's secret,
the mystery.
You've got me hugging this boat now
so intimately
but you —
who offer me diamonds
you're always afloat.
You never reach sea.

REFLECTIONS ON PAST HISTORY

GODDAMN

so i went to this girl that i knew the other day 'cause i was really feelin' shit-down and i felt like she was my friend and all so i said to her "listen i'm really feelin' bad and can i cry on your shoulder for a few minutes?"

well she got all hyper and looked at me like i was crazy and said "you must be outta your mind" and carried on about how she wouldn't be a mother to me an i should stand on my own feet an she was my friend but she wouldn't be a crutch and she wasn't the one to be a crutch anyway an maybe no definitely i should get help an maybe treatment.

and i thought "goddamn."

i wasn't askin' for a mother wouldn't use the one i had and couldn't understand why she was so defensive or what she was so afraid of 'cause i didn't need or ask for no lifelong crutch or any crutch for that matter 'cause all i wanted was a prop a type of ear so i could just kinda cry and get it outta my system so i could pull together and start off again fresh.

but she couldn't (or maybe wouldn't) understand that an just kept on rantin' and ravin' to the point where i was really sorry i'd asked in the first place and wondered how i coulda been so dumb to believe her when she said she believed me cause she knew i didn't lie and i don't really but even though she knew that or at least said she knew it she obviously didn't really believe it (or me actually) 'cause if she did or had then she wouldn't have gotten all bent outta shape an worried an all just 'cause i asked her to one time be the friend she said she was.

but she didn't see things that way so all i could say was "okay" and think "goddamn."

gets to be a drag.







Glenn H. Madison '84 "Brooklyn Bridge"

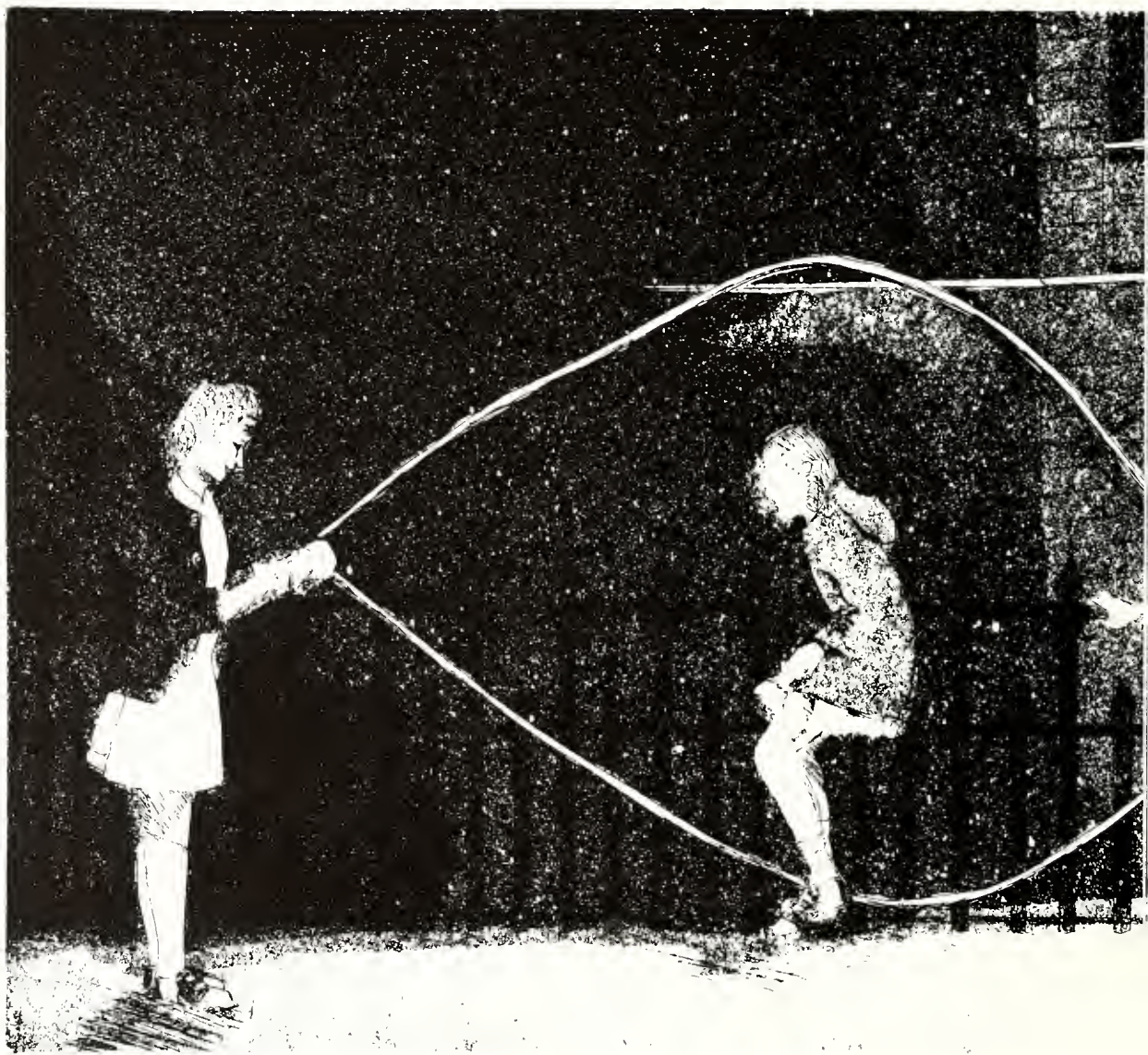
imagination

there's this yellow blotter
on the hall desk
that's always covered
with tiny pencil sketches;
the kind of sketches
that one draws
merely to pass the time.
profitless release.

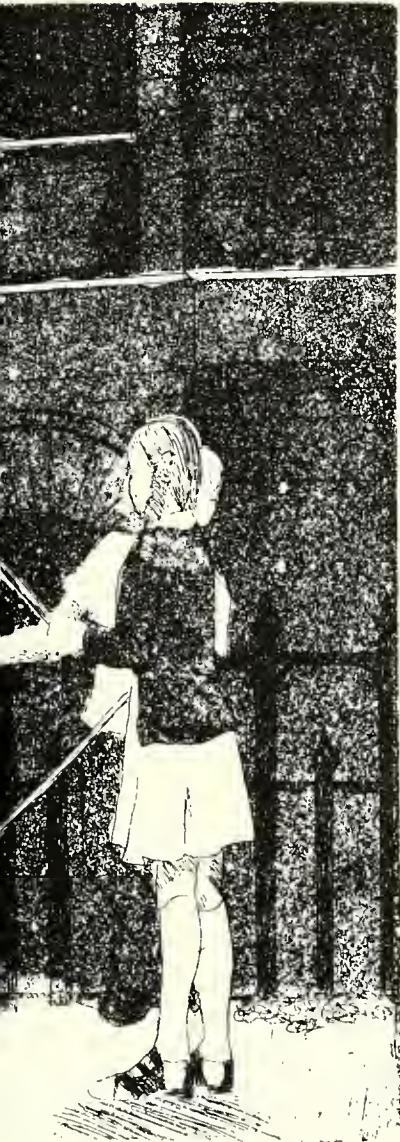
this curious habit,
practised regularly
by curious citizens
(those with yellowed papers)
must be derived
from some motivating force
unknown to the pencil-pointing perpetrator.
Freudian analysis.

By simple observation,
one knowledgeable in couches
would grin to see the collection:
flashing egos,
a couple of lingering superegos,
and enough libidos poured over the yellow
to consume it in flames.
imagination.





Lynne Batten



1

Hey
little kid!
I'm really sorry I laughed
when you cried.
Really!
(but it just struck me as funny
to see you gluing
yourself to
yourself
to yourself
with that wad of purple gum)
and then you cried
and stomped your foot
(and stubbed your toe)
and ran away
leaving a trail
of purple
goo
dots.
I just had to laugh

habit

we meet for convenience

not love

lost long ago

i wonder only

why i continue so





Blasphemy

the ritual libations
i must be worthy
and pure again;
articulate care is taken
to humble
myself
before Him.

i enter
right foot first
gestures proper
and sacred;
i pray diligently
and wonder
beside this wailing wall
whether my god hears these prayers
or is even
a God
at all.

That eternal pose . . .

As if she thought that every eye

Upon her was a camera, every one

of us, photographers,

Eager to capture the essence of her days

On the light-absorbing flimsy for some

Magazine cover, or other

Sacred scroll of

The perfect woman . . .

The drama of her speech

Was that which would have held the world

In breathless anticipation

around their television sets,

Awaiting her next word or act, searching for a clue

By which to understand the (undoubtedly most important)

Message contained within her being. One can almost see them,

Huddled around the bluish-tube light and hum,

Wasting their time . . .

The laughter was there, also,

Except when she was too, too caught up

In her role, except when even she believed herself,

so masterful was the performance.

It was there in her eyes, then, but more frightening

Was the laughter which came from her mouth,

So silvery authentic for such a liar. Even, white

Teeth, pink tongue darting out, suspended between gaping lips

As the hateful noise rushed past . . .

I loved her for her looks and speech and

Laughter, all those things

Most unreal about her —

“So elegant, so intelligent.”

—so false a representation of a human being,

Covering the wheels and gears and awful

Machinations of a mind that finds unendurable the possibility

Of something more important than herself, a personality that takes

And takes, and never gives . . .

. . . the greatest actress the world has ever known,

and her own best, frightened, frightful audience.



Working to get a
to print. Let dry.
Roll ~~off~~ continuously to dried
it ~~on~~ Got every day
rolled on but roller pulled it
off.



Irregular spot rolls, pinkish slab

Just as mercury changes form when touched
And ceases to be what it was and becomes still something else,
I have altered this being called “I” time and time again.

Momentary,
Fleeting,
Transitory,
is each stage in my process of becoming.

And because confusion is a common consequence of youth:
I’m entitled.

Beyond Reflections

If we believed in seashells
We'd find opalescent beauty
On all the changing beaches
Washed by ancient waters.
And all things have a meaning
There's a reason for each sound,
So look beyond reflections
And through the small vexations
That shrink life's fluent streams,
Forming pools of stagnant humanity.
From the wisdom of the ages
Come the superstitions
Explaining away creation
In ignorance and fear.
I've often walked strange seashores
Finding wars and acts of love
Washed across from timeworn kingdoms
Where **only** choking ash now reigns.
Consider the gentle sea creatures
Who after they have died
Leave just their pretty houses
As testaments to their lives.







Humor

Humor helps you endure,
things of which you're not sure.
If you laugh now and then,
reality you can bend,
and find yourself happy again.







4/14

Susan McCahey '76

Marvel Revery

Whip and Shoostings
on drugs
tore Count Erstools,
red, red,
piecefully,
from war books:
arrested by heroes
who deny them
Will.
and Testaments
with injudicious bullets.



Prologue to *The Descent*

Let he who seeks what secrets I shall tell
Proceed with caution, heed this warning well:
Who disbelieves this verse
Deserves this curse,
That his best pleasure grieve him worse
Than such tortures as I have witnessed in Hell,
For there have I seen how the damned do dwell.
Thus, skeptic reader, vouchsafe to quickly look
At the mysteries I have stolen, and writ in this book:
Beware of the Devil,
Covetous of evil,
With furtive retrieval of uncivil
Novels, revivals, and approvals which mistook
His shame for vanity; nor curse could he brook,
Whereby Satire had been his most coveted book:
Read carefully who of his shame partook.
Yet he whose private soul in faith toward
The shelter of some just and merciful Lord
Does now, or herein bend,
Need fear no wicked end,
And may in safety soon descend
As I deny that death so long abhorred,
And tell those depths my spirit once explored.

So choose: depart, or follow: believe, or beware:
Assist me with silence, yourself with prayer:
And Great Spirit restore
That night once more,
Where none have been lost and returned before,
That I, who compelled by contempt cannot forbear,
May describe what wonders I witnessed there.
In solemn melancholy I was wound
With ancient poets and inventions found
Intolerable to most,
A liberal ghost,
In fast reverence reposed:
There Wisdom's grave executor, the renowned
Philosopher, his Ethics did expound,
While yet no hectic scene nor jarring sound
Disturbed my ponderance of things profound.
Then soon, with easy Sleep's dear shade subdued,
A knock interrupted my solitude:
"Come; let's see the world!"
My senses swirled,
And down the stairs we both were hurled:
Which journey, though then misunderstood,
He had sworn would cure that dangerous mood.

Epig. I

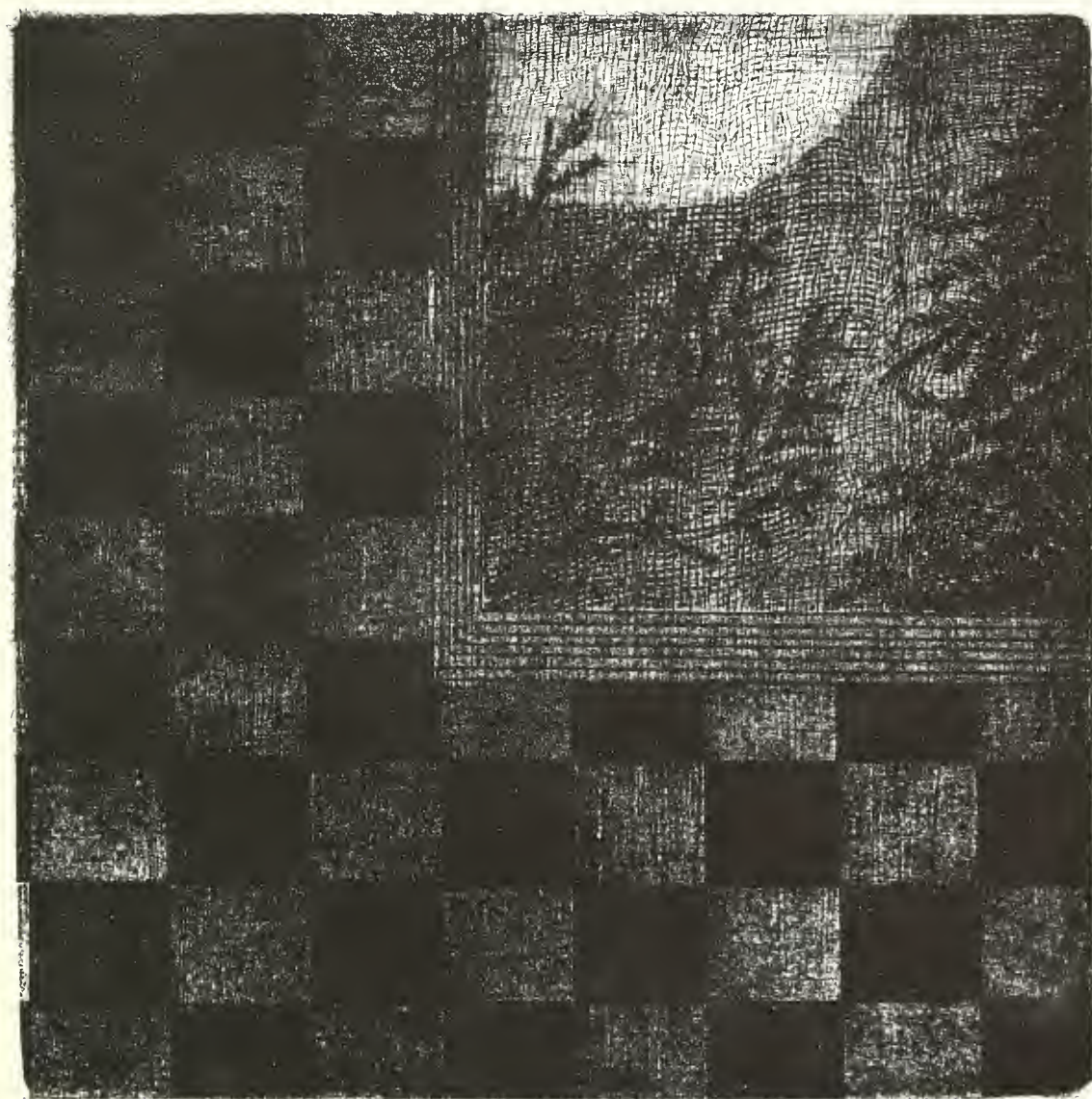
Thou itchy Mister giddy Dames adore,
Who pricked with rank savage lust and haste
Do love the harlot's fumey breath to taste,
Capricious recreant, I thee deplore;
And will thy saucy cosmetician whore,
Who so oft lay in stodgy heat unlaced
That thou but other itchy fools embraced,
Thy wasted youth of Sloth and Pride restore?
He doth but champ what others chewed before.

Epig. II

Three labels silver tricked the Tudor's fury,
And betrayed the virtuous Earl of Surrey;
Cobham, Popham, Coke, the Stuart's folly:
As Henry his Howard, thus James his Raleigh.

“Sunset for Believers”

“Paradise? Yes, this is Paradise.” thought she
as she watched the elves climb endlessly
upon green mountain ladders to the sun;
watched them dip their rainbow buckets in ’til one
elf dipped too far. The sun’s sides split with elfen cry
as yellow rivers, buttered streams, streaked across an azure sky.
Legionnaires, came marching forth, trailing banners purple, pink;
trod in puddles; boots of gold. “Twould be fine, I think,”
said she, “to see a tournament, a joust, a fair.”
With that, a myriad of colors, silken tents were there:
And so behold, on cloud white steeds
The fairest knights in pale or mede
Came riding unto battle fine.
Sweet maidens toasted them with wine.
Then with the first blow armour rung.
With thundering swords their hard shields sung.
It rained dark blood from purpling cleavers.
but what to do on rainy days? Just
listen to the nonbelievers
gather dust.





Romanza

a dreamy haze
of bright lights
the razzle dazzle of it all
as I am slickly serenaded across the dance floor
my face to the stars as we turn —
partnered by an ugly latin lover
who gyrates a little too close —
and I am moving, being moved
by the rhythmic roll of the beat
sensual sweat dripping down my face
as I smile benignly at my pompous partner
who thinks he lit my explosion
RAZZ MATAZZ!!
it's an orgasmic release
and I am whirling, swirling
gliding, chiding with eyes that gleam that
stare, daring anyone to take me on
to stop my frienzied merry-go-round
it's Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
it's romance
it's a dream
and I sleep-step on and on

My underwhere was in print once
and some guy said it sounded like me.
Over coffee.
I should hope so.

But then again--
Thru this medium one could become many.
A recent writing spoke of one in a thousand
or something.
Could be the bitter coffee,
but there's been a drastic reduction
down to about 246
and continually declining.

Still.
We all got dem shovels.
Shuffling 'round.
(Funny things the sun can do,
yet the sun can't do them all.)
Etc. You can dig it, ya?
It's under here.









Partners

this foolishness between the two of us
is uncalled-for and I wish
we would stop trying to coerce
each other into believing that

this foolishness between the two of us
is not real but merely something
that can be covered over
with a few extra, laborious smiles.

this foolishness between the two of us
is nerve-racking and only serves
to draw chalk lines across the floor
and make early mornings gloomy.

this foolishness between the two of us
is sad, and my hand whimpers
its wounded farewell while my eyes
swell with their puffy tribute.

before you go, do you have the aspirin?







BODY

there is nothing there but skin and bones
I have a drifter's body

brown and tight
and tired as the nights go by

there is nothing soft about me—I am mean
the bones have angles

shoulderblades cut
I would fit well at Belsen—with my Jewish backbone

the coarseness of my ankles
my tongue of fire

the bones of my face
the blood that rushes to my wrist
the filings from the nails

nothing for you to touch, caress
or to kiss

no soft sweet flesh or curve of breast
to fit your mouth to

I am strong—slender long muscles
ribcage

nothing to powder or to paint
bones to hang skin on

how will you know if I fit to your body?
this bedroom is not a testing ground

the sharpness will turn you away
yet, you are still heavier than I
with weight against my lightness
my geometry

your work is cut out for you
I am as obvious as anatomy.



sprinkled on
here also

blown on

flooded

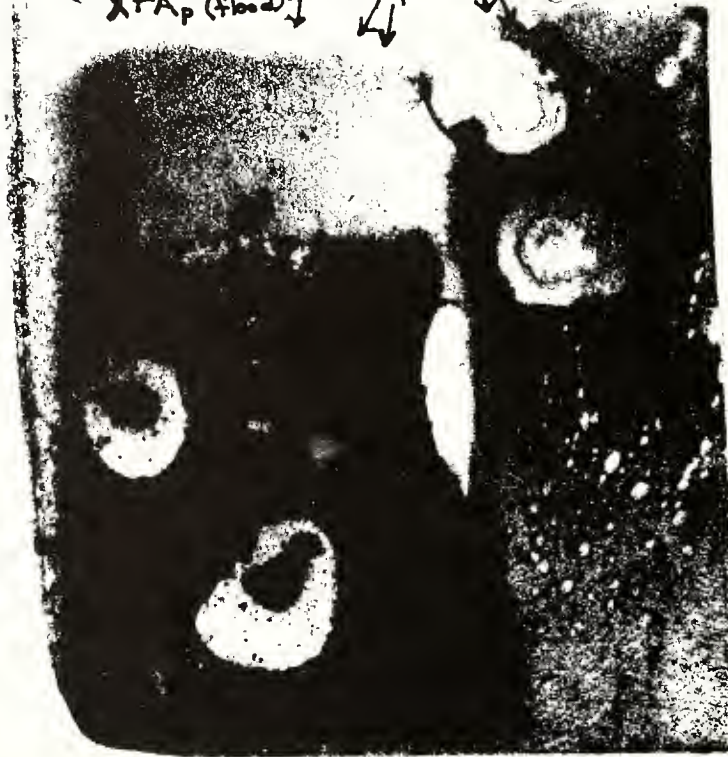
wiped

Turps + Powdered Asphaltum
bottle & Ragged on

Xylene Ra

T + X + Ap + Propanol T + Ap + P
X + Ap (rag) ↓ X + Ap + P T + Ap } 2
X + Ap (flood) ↓

Bl
X + P + A
P pushes



Pure
Pth

S
t
o
r
T
i
l
t
↓
7/4
h
t



Seta, red slab

↓
t
f
i
l
l
2

↑
+
i
t
e
o
n
g

phantum
it

X + Ap sprinkled & blown
over surface. At top X was
applied over X + Ap when dry
X had begun drying

ay

X ↓

w + X + Ap peels off

water + X + Ap

↓ X + Ap

w + X

P
replaces
X

Soapbox oratory,
Speechmaking at breakfast,
Rushing from one town
To another city and on and on . . .

A policy for every occasion,
Marketing utopian dreams,
Door to door salesmen
Of people . . .

Scandals and promises,
Mud slung and laughter,
A collage of clowns,
We call them leaders
Politics . . .

J. P.

Frustration! He's at it again
Gibbering away with his grandiose garbage.
A learning experience he claims with a smirk,
If you don't understand it, you must be a jerk!

Learning what?? we ask one to another;
Then staunchly we try with our stumbling steps
To solve on the test its problems obtuse
Sprinkled liberally with concepts unintroduced.

We protest in vain, this test isn't fair!
He laughs at our horror and shows his derision;
Too bad if we fail, he tells us in glee,
Earning a living doesn't need a degree.



dreams of only sounds
brought to temporary death,
the night's naked loneliness
cries out for light of day
and listens for dawn's call; from nests

where wings are wrapped in warmth
and await the quick burst of flight,
their throated pulse of fears warns them
"escape the sounds that dream the night."

but poor crackled trees fall to rot
and underneath the blind roots turn in mush
structure, shape, stripped to stalk
a whispered fall, through to crash.

desertion by sun, encircling black,
a hollow stillness invades the mind
of memory, of day, of flight from dark,
of dreams, all else but sounds are blind.



Carolyn Alexander

denouement

I'm empty of ink tonight
there are no spurts of velvet passion
no fluid longings
left in this pen
spent much too long
in spilling out its love
on your crowded unthankful pages

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Cover — Sue McCahey